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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

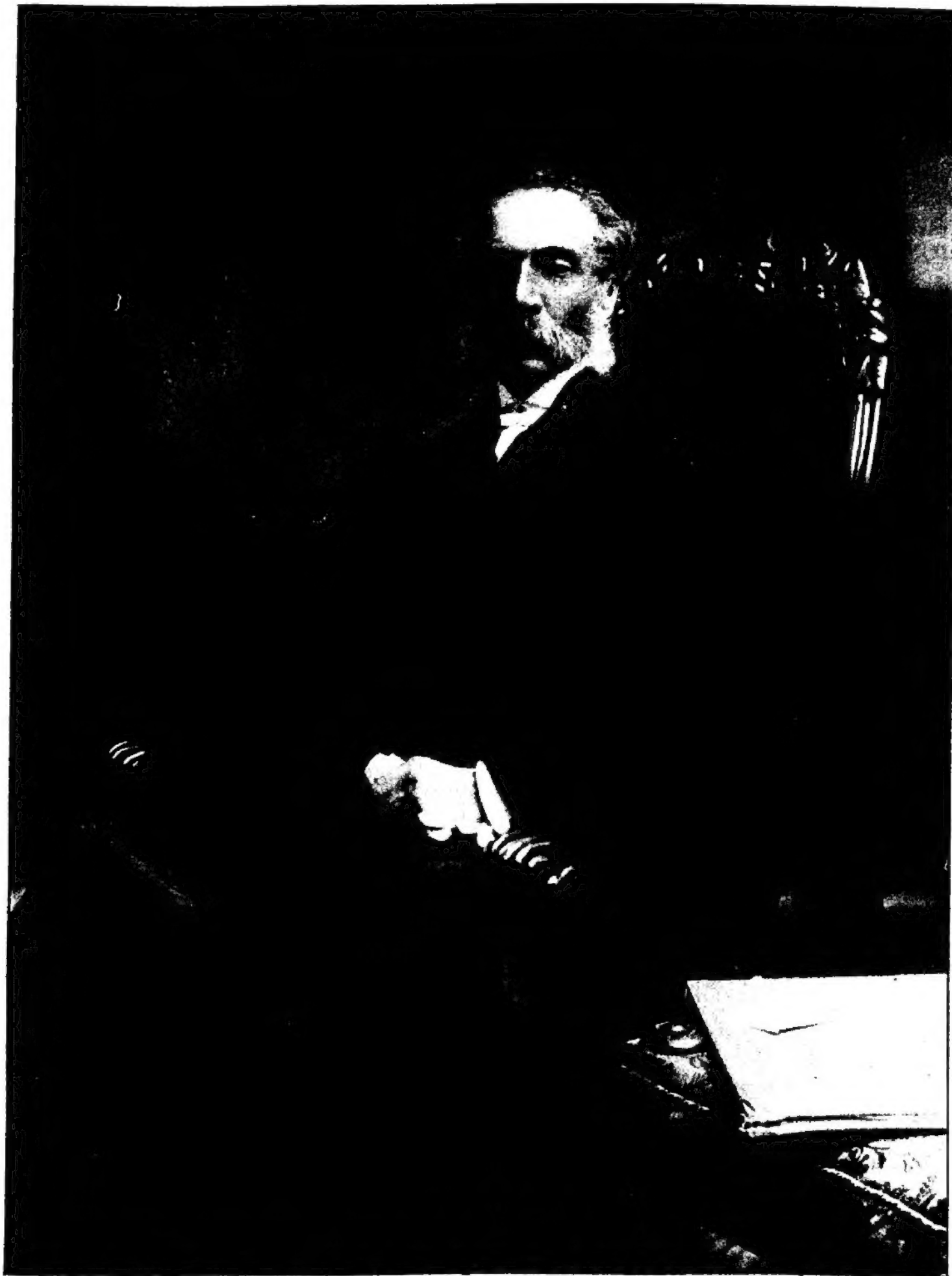
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(REGISTERED.)

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THE HON. G. W. ALLAN, SPEAKER OF THE SENATE.

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In a recent lecture delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute, Sir Frederick Young, for so many years the Institute's energetic secretary, after indicating the vast extent of still unsettled territory in the Dominion, went on to speak of the diversity of nationalities constituting our population. "The true Canadian," he added, "would be evolved out of the admixture of nationalities thus brought together, and their evolution would be best helped on by merging them as quickly as possible into one people." The remedy that Sir Frederick Young prescribes for the conflict of races in the Dominion is certainly very simple and very easily formulated. But we would like to know how he proposes to carry it out. The races of the United Kingdom have for over eight centuries been occupying the comparatively limited area of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, and they are by no means homogeneous to-day. In Wales, the Scottish Highlands, the Isle of Man and the west and south of Ireland English speech has not yet asserted its unquestioned supremacy. "Pious variers from the Church" are not few and far between. If Cornwall has lost its mother tongue, it clings to its right of private judgment, and if a fresh attempt were made to enforce uniformity of doctrine and worship, forty thousand Cornishmen, more or less, would want to know the reason why. The welding of a nation into one is a process that cannot be hurried by legislation. All the plans devised by successive British Governments to do away with differences of origin and creed have failed. Traditions and prejudices of race have wonderful vitality, and, when they are strengthened by intense religious feeling, they form a stronghold against which the assaults even of time itself may be powerless.

It is, nevertheless, noteworthy that, if we except the aborigines and a few later accessions, such as the Hungarians, the Russian Mennonites, etc., the race elements in Canada prove, on analysis, to be almost identical with those of the United Kingdom. The bulk of the French immigration of the 17th century, which laid the foundation of the French-speaking section of our people, came from north of the Loire—from Normandy, Perche, Picardy, Brittany, Beauce, etc. Now this, with Flanders added, is just the range from which, according to Dr. Beddoe, the army of William the Conqueror was drawn. The names of places in Normandy are found almost unchanged in parts of England. So with the Celtic names in Brittany, they are, slightly modified, the place-names of Wales. Practically, of course, this kinship of the ancestors of French-Canadians with the ancestors of the later comers from the British Isles, does not bring the two communities any nearer together. It

is simply of interest from a racial point of view, and it would be well if some of those who have been criticizing the Province of Quebec would give some heed to its ethnology. One of our French-Canadian confrères, after careful study of it, reaches the conclusion that there was no conquest of Canada by England. The Normans conquered England; England's soldiers captured Canada; Canada is a Norman-French province. The subject of race as affected by our Canadian climate, is ably treated by Dr. Hingston, who compares the Canadian French, English, Irish, Scotch and Germans with each other and with their kinsfolk across the ocean.

In European diplomacy those nations that have an autocratic regime, like Russia or Germany, have a considerable advantage in dealing with a country like England in which the rule is that of responsible government. One ministry may make its voice heard with authority on questions in which England is concerned, but, an adverse vote, at a general election, may reduce it to silence and place in power a Cabinet of altogether different views. That the result has sometimes been the sacrifice of prestige and sometimes substantial loss in treasure or territory the history of recent years sufficiently proves. On this continent Canada occupies a somewhat similar position, and a question of which the solution would be welcome is how the benefits of ministerial responsibility may be combined with a policy at once definite, permanent and secure in treating (so far as we can treat) with foreign states. It would be well, indeed, if both in the mother country and the colonies all parties agreed to leave the attitude to be assumed in relation to international questions outside of the range of party politics. The taunt of jingoism would then lose its point and the temptation to forget the supreme duty of citizenship in order to gain a temporary party victory would no longer vex weak patriots.

The winter attractions of Canada have been sufficiently pressed upon the attention of strangers during the last five or six years; and the carnival movement is being succeeded by an agitation for the making known of our summer advantages and delights. The idea has taken hold of Winnipeg that something should be done to divert thither some portion of the usual pleasure travel during the coming season. We are glad to know that it is likely to take practical shape, and that the promoters of the scheme are wisely bent on uniting the useful with the agreeable in their suggested programme of entertainments. One point will not be lost sight of—the superiority of the prairie province and the embryo provinces beyond it as centres of wheat supply, of meat production, and of varied mineral wealth. The *Manitoba Sun* also proposes an historical exhibition, in connection with which we would suggest a portrait gallery of noted explorers, discoverers, organizers, pioneers and naturalists who have contributed to the opening up of the Northwest. The *Sun* is right in advising the committee to drop the word "carnival," which would be a misnomer, if applied to a summer gathering. Our contemporary would make the sports (which must be a feature of the undertaking) subordinate to the display of Northwestern products. "The present," concludes the *Sun*, "promises to be a favorable year for an effort of this kind, and, as there is to be no provincial exhibition, something of the character which we have indicated might well be promoted as an attraction for visitors from Ontario and elsewhere."

The bill, brought forward by Mr. Weldon, M.P., to enable Canadian authorities to return fugitives from

justice to the country in which the offence of which they may be accused was committed, and which is now the law of the land, is a step towards the establishment of an international *modus vivendi* that would make it impossible for any land, normally under the sway of law and order, to be a harbour of refuge for the scapegraces, hoodlums and desperadoes of its neighbours. At present it is necessarily one-sided, but, as its author pointed out, the giver or restorer loses little by what he declares his readiness to part with. The necessary complement of the measure will, it is to be hoped, follow in time. Meanwhile Canada has the satisfaction of having done her duty to the world and to herself.

In spite of the protests that have been served against the tendency on the part of certain promoters of emigration in the British Isles to send us seekers of employment in excess of any known demand for them, there is one class of labour that is, throughout the Dominion, rarely, if ever, abundant enough to meet the requirements of the market. That is the class of domestic servants. On this subject there is urgent need of an improved understanding between societies in Great Britain and those in Canada. Some of these organizations have already done something to remove the discrepancy in local centres, but a comprehensive policy can alone succeed in producing any marked change for the better. Manitoba and the Northwest suffer much from this inconvenience.

It might seem, at first sight, that the extension of Indian railways so as to bring the system of the Indian Empire into line with the proposed system that is to develop the resources of interior China would be of slight, if any, interest to Canada. A little reflection, however, will convince any one who gives attention to the subject that to bring the seaports of China within a few days of Britain's Indian possessions must add materially to the prospects that our great Pacific highway may have of becoming England's chosen route to the hither as well as the farther east. Besides, in China alone there is scope for the extension of our own trade in directions hitherto hardly dreamed of. It is not, therefore, without some stirrings of not altogether unreasonable hope for a possibly not very distant future that we learn of a practical route for the construction of a railway between India and China being assured by Mr. R. S. Hallett, who has been engaged in investigating the question, to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hallett spoke most hopefully of the results that would arise from the opening up of railway connection between the two empires.

That the Chinese, notwithstanding their apparently stoical patience, where they have an end to gain, can feel and show resentment for unfair treatment in a practical and telling way was proved by the marked falling off in the imports of American cotton during the last nine months. The loss sustained by American exporters during that period—which they attribute to the harshness, both in tone and action, of the political exclusionists—amounted to a total of \$1,272,539.

The friends of higher education will ardently join with Sir William Dawson in hoping that the endowments to McGill University will increase, in a ratio corresponding to the trials of all kinds to which that great institution has been subjected for some time past. It would also be well if all those who are generously disposed would imitate the good sense of the munificent donors of the Victoria Hospital and so give that they may themselves see the fruits of their open-handedness. As Dr. Oliver

Wendell Holmes puts it in "Parson Turell's Legacy:"

God bless you, gentlemen, learn to give
Money to colleges while you live;
Don't be silly, and think you'll try
To bother the colleges when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That knowledge may starve, while law grows fat.

THE AGE OF GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

Notwithstanding the withholding of official co-operation on the part of the monarchical powers, the French exposition of 1889 promises to be not the least praiseworthy of the great World's Fairs of the 19th century. It was, doubtless, natural enough that Europe which had suffered from the chaos consequent on the Revolution should decline to participate in an undertaking devised especially in its honour. Even republicans may doubt whether the social upheaval that inaugurated the reign of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was not, with its wild frenzies of popular passion, its orgies of savage revenge, its bitter and persistent war against all authority, a calamity to be deplored rather than an occasion for exultation. Thoughtful Liberals, like Dr. Goldwin Smith, have ceased to applaud it as the destined though blood-stained door through which the nations, with France at their head, were to advance from the rule of the despot to the rule of the people. The rule of the despot has not yet been abolished; the rule of the people is still on its trial. Great as have been the gains of the century in all that tends to place the interests of humanity above the interests of a class, it is, at least, imaginable that its grandest triumphs might have been won as effectively by normal and peaceful development as by the disorder, violence and outrage which marked the events that began in 1789.

Nevertheless, as it was in sequence of those events that France for the first time became a republic, and as the actual régime is, in a certain sense, the heir of the Revolution, it is not surprising that the Government should have resolved to distinguish in some worthy way the hundredth anniversary of France's *annus mirabilis*. Justification for the method chosen to commemorate the supposed starting-point of modern political ideas may be found in the fact that it was during the period of so-called popular sovereignty between the fall of the monarchy and the establishment of the first empire that the exposition of art and industry became an institution in France. To what nation, society or individual the idea first occurred it is needless to inquire. The honours are probably divided, not only between the countries of Europe, but between Europe and the East, between the moderns and the ancients, and between the old world and the new. It is, however, in its international and universal character, especially, that the great exhibitions of our day differ from all the more or less similar enterprises of any preceding age. Exhibits of raw material, of machinery, of works of art, of one or other industry or of several industries, have been given at various times in France, England and other countries during the last century and a half. One of our own intendants, M. Hocquart, organized an exposition of Canadian products—minerals, woods, botanical specimens, grains, fruits, furs—which was opened in France in 1739, and is doubtless, entitled to rank as the first colonial exhibition held in Europe. In 1757 France had an art exhibition. In 1761 the English Society of Arts got up a collection of various kinds of machinery. In 1798 France held the first of a series of industrial exhibitions, but so far was it from inviting

foreigners to contribute that a medal was offered for the invention that should inflict the severest blow on British industry. In 1801, 1802 and 1806 the experiment was repeated. Then there was a break which lasted till 1819, from which date France had exhibitions every five years. The example was followed on the rest of the continent—Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Sweden getting up like displays. In 1828 England had an exhibition of arts and manufactures, and Ireland another in the following year. Though the results were not so poor as the prophets of failure had foretold, they were not so encouraging as the promoters desired. Such projects had, indeed, to struggle against much prejudice and apathy in a great part of the United Kingdom, even after the countries and cities of the continent had taken them up with enthusiasm. During the generation between the accession of George IV. and the opening of the great exhibition of 1851 there had been some twenty-five national or local exhibitions on the continent. There was hardly a country in Europe that was not represented, while the United States and Canada had also a share in the movement.

But as yet no government had departed from tradition to the extent of inviting neighbouring countries to take part in its exhibitions. That example Great Britain was to give the world. The proposal to admit foreign competition—to institute a "World's Fair"—had again and again been made by the Society of Arts, but objections were as constantly urged. The completeness and success of the Birmingham exhibition of 1849 made it all the more regrettable that foreigners had not witnessed it, and that English exhibitors had no opportunity of comparing their handiwork with that of their transmarine neighbours and rivals. It so happened that, in the very same year, M. Buffet, the French Minister of Commerce, had been overcome on a like proposal. But the fact that such a proposal had been made across the channel warned the members of the Society of Arts that, if they did not act with despatch, some continental competitor would wrest from them the triumph on which they had set their hearts—of instituting a universal exhibition. Some of our older readers may recall the enthusiasm that for a time pervaded the world of work after the opening of the Crystal Palace. Certainly Paxton's grand edifice—itsself, in materials and design, an illustration of the union of strength and beauty, of art and industry—sheltered such a concourse of workers and such a variety of work—not to speak of the idlers—as few had previously dared even to dream of as possible. Not since the time of the Roman Empire had such a Babel of tongues discussed subjects of common interest—and even under the all-compelling genius of Roman sway types that showed themselves in London had not yet been heard of. It was a picture from Flaubert's "Salamambo," enlarged, intensified, and, best of all, civilized.

Since 1851 the universal exhibition has made the round of the globe more than once—several times, indeed. France was the first to follow suit. The Paris Exhibition of 1855 excelled that of London in its display of the works of living artists. In 1862, London again, and in 1867, Paris again, revealed their resources and inventions side by side with the products of nature and skill from all over the world. Vienna's turn came in 1873; that of Philadelphia, in 1876. The latter was, like the present French Exposition, a centennial celebration—suggested by the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It began a

series of commemorations of which the end is not yet. Two years later France had another great *Exposition Universale*—Marshal MacMahon doing the honours as *locum tenens* for his late master's heir, whenever he should come to his own again. But eleven years have made a radical change in the relations not only of the Bonapartists, but of all the monarchical parties to the French nation, and, in spite of Boulangism and of its own blunders, the republic under M. Carnot seems fairly stable.

For us the most interesting point in this retrospect is the share that Canada has had in the successive exhibitions of nearly forty years. Naturally, it is with our ancient and present metropolis, with our fellow-colonists in other parts of the world, and with our neighbours and kinsmen of the United States, that we have had the closest relations. The story of our progress during the last half century might be gathered from the history of this exhibition movement at home and abroad. Our Provincial and Dominion Exhibitions, beginning with that of Toronto in 1846, have kept pace with the general movement of the age. In one respect, however, we have been left behind. Canada has as yet had no universal exhibition. But our day is approaching. If Melbourne and Cape Town can aspire to international exhibitions and centennial commemorations, surely Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Victoria and Vancouver, with records ranging from less than a decade to over three centuries may presume also to enter the lists. The year that crowns with the laurels of four centuries the brows of America's rediscoverer is also the year in which Montreal completes her quarter millennium of existence as a community. It will also close the first twenty-five years of the Dominion's career. Rarely does it happen to a city to have a plea thus triply strong—*as triplex*—for a festival of felicitation and hope. To let it pass with its significance unrecognized would be a crime of *lèse-majesté* to our young nationhood that would assuredly not go unpunished. The foundation of Montreal—though prompted by devotion rather than by motives of an industrial and commercial character—was, in the nature of things, a grand step towards the conquest of the continent that lay between the pioneers and the Pacific. Some years later the unforgotten taunt of "Lachine" was a prophecy destined to have fulfilment. And now the goal of promise is in view to earnest eyes. The celebration of 1892 will bring us appreciably nearer to it. But there is no time to lose. Three years will soon pass and then the world's eyes will be upon us. Let those, then, who would see Canada take that place in the industry, the commerce, the invention, the art, the science, the literature of the civilized world, to which her resources, her people, their origin and their annals entitle her, be up and doing, so that so rare an opportunity for one of the grandest celebrations of the century may not be forfeited by apathy or mismanagement.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

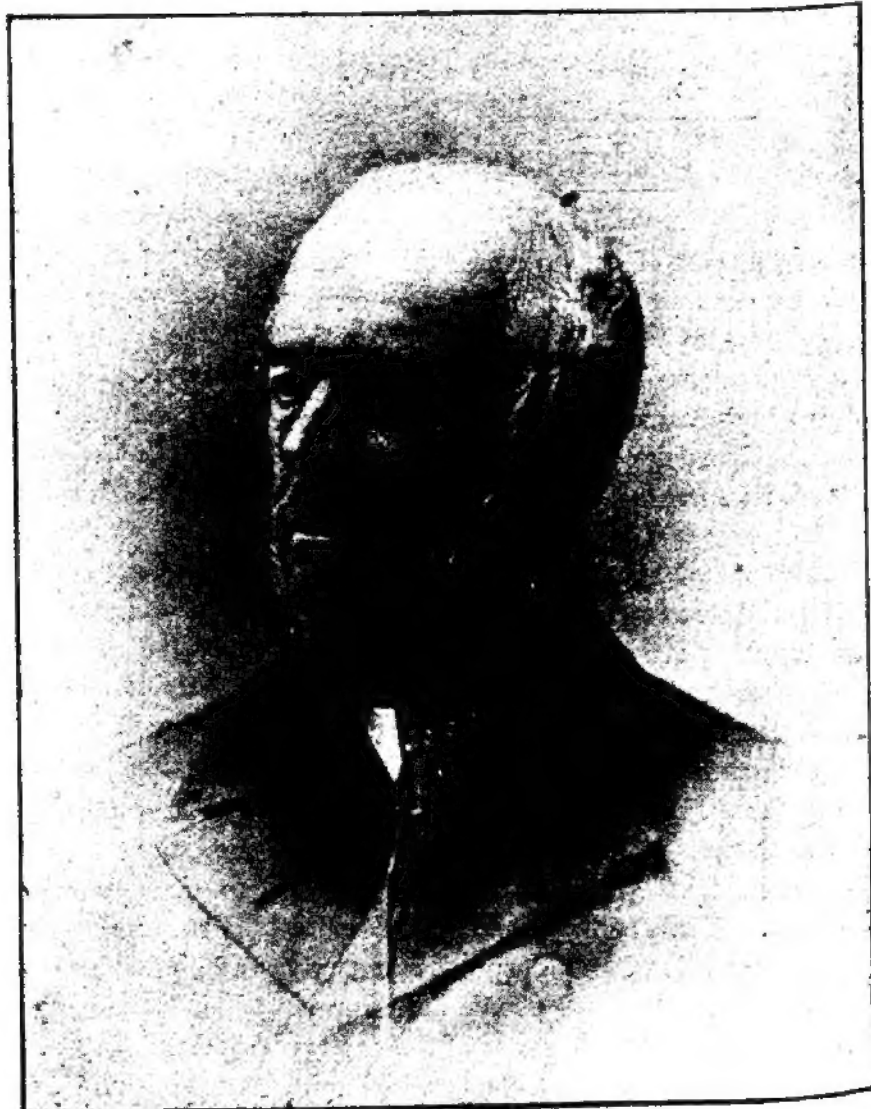
Two doves that God created without stain,
In whom no evil thought found ever rest,
Were billing in the sunshine, breast to breast,
When, from above, a hawk swooped down amain,
With bitter speech, their fondness to restrain.
It smirched their lives with foulest thoughts expressed
And drove the two apart to east and west,
Nor can time give them innocence again.

Is there among the old one single heart
Honest and guileless, trustful of mankind,
With any creed in purity of soul?
Why must the old in innocence find
Evil desires? Hawks that pure loves would part
Should blame themselves: all's darkness to a mole.
Ottawa.
ARTHUR WEIR.



HON. THOS. RYAN, SENATOR.

From a photo. by Topley.



HON. ROBERT B. DICKEY, SENATOR.

From a photo. by Topley.



OLD CANAL, GRAND RIVER, ONT.

From a drawing by J. W. H. Watts, R.C.A.



HON. DAVID MILLS, M.P.

From a photo. by Topley.



ALONZO WRIGHT, M.P.

From a photo. by Topley.



LOCK MASTER'S HOUSE, GRAND RIVER, ONT.

From a drawing by J. W. H. Watts, R.C.A.



THE HON. G. W. ALLAN, SPEAKER OF THE SENATE.—We present our readers in our present issue with a portrait of the Hon. George William Allan, D.C.L., Chancellor of the University of Trinity College, Toronto, and Speaker of the Senate of the Dominion. This distinguished Canadian was born, on the 9th of January, 1822, in Toronto, where his father, a prominent figure among the pioneer settlers of Governor Simcoe's time, had settled, and where he resided till his death in 1853. In that city Mr. Allan, sr., was the first postmaster and the first collector of customs, and was for many years conspicuous among the leaders in commerce and finance in Ontario. He served with credit in the war of 1812-15, holding the rank of colonel in the militia. He was, also, a member of the Executive Council, and during the administrations of Sir F. B. Head and Sir George Arthur, was a member of the Government. By his mother's side the Hon. G. W. Allan belongs to an old Loyalist family, his maternal grandfather, Dr. John Gamble, having been a surgeon in the Queen's Rangers. Mr. Allan was educated partly by private tuition, partly at Upper Canada College. In 1837, on the outbreak of the Rebellion, he entered the Bank Rifle Corps, of which Chief Justice Hagarty, Sir Thomas Galt and other notable men were members. Having completed his legal studies with honour, he entered the office of Messrs. Gamble and Boulton, and was called to the Bar in Hilary term, 1846. Before beginning practice, he travelled extensively in Europe and the East, including Egypt to the borders of Nubia, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1847 he served his native city as an alderman, and in 1865 was elected Mayor. In 1858 he was returned to the Legislative Council for the York Division, a position which he retained till Confederation. He was chairman of the Private Bills Committee in the Council for several years. In 1867 he was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, and has ever since been most active in attending to his public duties. He has served as chairman of the Private Bills Committee and of the Standing Committee on Banking and Commerce. Last year he was appointed Speaker of the Senate. Senator Allan has always been a devoted advocate of advanced education and of all higher culture. He was among the earliest members of the Royal Canadian Institute, to whose publications he has contributed and of which he has been president. Of Trinity College he has ever been a warm friend and supporter. He has done much to promote and encourage the study of art, has been president of the Ontario Society of Artists and of the Art Union of Canada, and his collection is one of the finest in the Dominion. Horticulture is largely indebted to him, and his interest in volunteer and militia matters has never flagged since in boyhood he defended his country against aggression. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regimental Division of East Toronto and an honorary member of the Queen's Own. Mr. Allan is a devoted communicant of the Anglican Church, in the missionary work of which he takes an active share. The Speaker of the Senate married, when quite young, the third daughter of the late Sir John Robinson, Bart., Q.C., Chief Justice of Upper Canada. That lady having died, while sojourning at Rome in 1852, he married again, in 1857, the third daughter of the Rev. F. Schreiber, formerly of Broadwell Lodge, Essex, England. He has a family of three sons and three daughters.

THE HON. THOMAS RYAN, SENATOR.—This esteemed gentleman, whose portrait our readers will find on another page of the present issue, was born at Ballinakill, in the County Kildare, Ireland. Having completed his education at Clongowee College, he came to Canada. Engaging in commercial pursuits, he became a leading member of the firm of Ryan Bros. & Co., with which he was associated until the year 1863. In the same year he presented himself as a candidate for the representation of the Victoria division in the Legislative Council, and, being elected, retained his seat in that body until Confederation. In 1867, after the passage of the British North America Act, Mr. Ryan was called to the Dominion Senate by Royal Proclamation. Both under the union of the two Canadas and under the existing federal régime, the Hon. Thomas Ryan has commanded respect for his ability and integrity. He has always been an earnest and independent student of public questions, and his judgment, especially on subjects connected with commerce and finance, has in general been found to be correct. In 1865, when it was deemed advisable to send commissioners to the West Indies, Mexico and Brazil, with a view to opening up trade relations between those countries and Canada, Mr. Ryan was selected as one of the delegation. He was chairman of the meeting of deputies from British North America, held at Detroit on the occasion of the late Hon. Joseph Howe's memorable address. He has always taken a warm interest in the advancement of education in this province, and has for years been one of the members of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. In politics Mr. Ryan is a Conservative. He holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia. In 1871 he married Wilhelmina, second daughter of M. Charles W. F. De Montenach, granddaughter of the late Baroness de Longueuil and relict of the late M. Olivier Perrault de Linière, of Montreal.

THE HON. R. B. DICKEY, SENATOR.—The Hon. Robert

Barry Dickey, Senator of the Dominion, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, was born in Amherst, Nova Scotia, where he still has his home, on the 10th of November, 1811. His father, Mr. Robert McGowan Dickey, represented Cumberland for fifteen years in the Nova Scotia Legislature, voluntarily retiring in 1851. His mother was a daughter of Major Thos. Chapman. By the father's side Senator Dickey is of Irish descent, his grandparents coming from the County Antrim, in Ulster; his mother's family was from Yorkshire. Both families are largely represented among the descendants of the eighteenth century settlers in Colchester, Hants and Kings counties. To his grandfather belongs the honour of devising the mode of reclaiming vast tracts of marsh land in the last mentioned county. Mr. Dickey was educated at Truro and Windsor. At an early age he was articled to the late Judge Stewar t, of the Vice Admiralty Court, then a successful practitioner at Amherst, with whom, in consequence of his youth, he had to serve six years before being old enough for admission as an attorney. Called to the Bar in 1834, he soon succeeded to a lucrative practice and, in 1863, was made Q.C. He has been registrar, surrogate and judge of probate for nearly a quarter of a century. In 1858 and 1865 he was a delegate from the Nova Scotia Government to the Colonial Office in connection with the Intercolonial Railway. He was also delegate to the Charlottetown and Quebec conferences relative to the federation of the provinces. Though in favour of union, he declined to sign the Quebec resolutions, as unfair to the Maritime Provinces, but, after their modification, he supported the union in the Legislative Council, of which body he was a member from 1858 till the passage of the British North America Act in 1867. His earnest interest in all questions affecting the public weal and his firmness in supporting what he believed to be right, may be seen by the record of his share in the debates and votes of his time. In 1867 he was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation. Senator Dickey has been associated with some of the most important business enterprises in his native province, such as the Spring Hill Mining Company. He is at present a shareholder in the Amherst Boot and Shoe Factory. He has travelled extensively in the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe, and has crossed the Atlantic some thirty times. He is a steadfast member of the Presbyterian Church, and is a Conservative, but both in religion and politics his views are broad and generous. Senator Dickey married in October, 1844, Mary Blair, third daughter of the Hon. Alexander Stewart, C.B., and has three sons and two daughters, all of whom, save the youngest son, are married.

THE HON. DAVID MILLS, I.L.B. The name of the Hon. David Mills is familiar to all readers of our Parliamentary proceedings as one of our most earnest and eloquent public men. He was born in Oxford township, Kent county, Ont., on the 18th of March, 1831. The family to which he belongs is one of that race of enterprising settlers who, after the American Revolution, chose one or other of the regions newly opened in the Maritime Provinces and in Upper Canada as their future home. Nathaniel Mills had a trial of both, for he first took land in Nova Scotia, where he married the daughter of Capt. Harrison, of Cumberland county. In 1817 Mr. N. Mills, with several others, moved to the western part of Upper Canada, making his home in Oxford township, on Talbot road, where he married again and lived till his death, in 1860. Mr. D. Mills, who is Irish by his mother's side, was educated at Michigan University, at which excellent institution he took the degree of I.L.B. In 1856 he was appointed superintendent of schools for Kent county, a position which he held with acceptance to the educational authorities and the public until 1867, when he was chosen to represent Bothwell in the House of Commons. On the appointment, in 1876, of the Hon. D. Laird as Governor of the Northwest Territories, Mr. Mills, at the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's request, assumed charge of the Department of the Interior, an office which he retained until the resignation of the ministry in 1871. Mr. Mills is a barrister by profession, though his career has been chiefly devoted to education, to journalism and to politics. Since 1882 he has been chief editorial writer on the London *Advertiser*. He is also the author of several pamphlets, such as "The Present and Future Prospects of Canada" (1860), and "The Blunders of the Dominion Government in Connection with the Northwest Territories" (1871). In the House of Commons Mr. Mills is known as an effective debater. His grasp of public questions is based on careful study and the habit of independent thought. As an antagonist, it is no play to meet him. But though a sturdy defender of his views, Mr. Mills bears no malice, and his friends are not limited to his own side in politics. In 1860 he married Miss M. J. Brown, of Chatham, by whom he is the father of three sons and three daughters. On another page our readers will find Mr. Mills' portrait.

LIEUT.-COL. ALONZO WRIGHT, M. P.—This gentleman, whose portrait our readers will find in another part of this number, has long been intimately associated with the progress of Ottawa County. His grandfather, Philemon Wright, was the founder of the village of Hull, whither he had come from Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1797. Soon after his arrival, he engaged in the lumber business, in which he carried on extensive operations. His services in the development of the country were appreciated by his being elected its first representative in the Legislature of this province. Bytown, now the city of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, had, meanwhile, begun to grow up on the opposite side of the river, and the country around had awakened from its obscurity and became the seat of a thriving population. For the example of Philemon Wright had been contagious, and other men of enterprise had invested

their capital and given employment to hundreds in the same great lumber industry. Lieut.-Col. Tiberius Wright was a son of the founder of Hull, and the father of Col. Alonzo Wright, whom, as soon as his education was completed, he associated with himself in business. The grandson of Philemon Wright inherited the energy and resource of his race. He has always interested himself in agriculture, has been president of the County of Ottawa Agricultural Society and a director of that of Ottawa city. Though he has ranged himself on the Conservative side in politics, he is by no means a narrow-minded partisan, but, on the contrary, a man of broad views. In his political career he has aimed at utility rather than display, yet, when occasion calls for it, there are few members of the House of Commons who can speak with more point, vigour and grace of style. His speech on the varied wealth of Canada, the beauty of its scenery and the grand destiny that awaits it, prompted by an early trip across the continent on the Pacific Railway, is memorable amongst the deliverances of our parliamentary orators. Mr. Wright married Mary, eldest daughter of the late Nicholas Sparks, of Ottawa. In social life Mr. and Mrs. Wright are universally esteemed for their hospitality and courtesy.

OLD CANAL, GRAND RIVER.—Whoever would know the physical geography of the Welland Canal and its history, from the turning of the first sod in 1824 till the dawn of the modern epoch, should read the "Biography of the Hon. W. H. Merritt, M.P.," by his son. For its scenery, along the whole course of both the older and the later waterways, we must take a summer ramble or trust to the impressions of artists like Mr. Watts. The two engravings which will be found elsewhere are as strikingly suggestive of old associations as they are happy in their revelation of a natural beauty that never grows old. Mr. J. W. H. Watts is one of the most meritorious of our landscape painters. We gave his portrait recently as a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, which he has been since its formation.

LOCKMASTER'S HOUSE, GRAND RIVER, ONT.—So the artist surmised. Whether the surmise be correct or not, Mr. Watts has made a fine picture, full of sympathy with nature and of veneration for the *genius loci*.

TORONTO FOOTBALL CLUB (RUGBY).—This club has been, and is, so well known throughout all Ontario, that in preparing a photo of its members in this issue we feel sure of pleasing a large number of our readers. The club is an old one, and has always been one of the leading teams since the formation of the Football League. Last year football in Toronto waned, and little interest was manifested as compared with former years. For the coming summer the promise of a successful team is good. At a recent meeting of the club, Col. Sweeny, president of the Argonaut Rowing Club, was elected, also, president of this club, and his well known push and energy as an enthusiastic sportsman is bound to make it succeed. The average weight of the team is 158 pounds, and a jollier lot of popular fellows cannot be found than the T. F. C. The engraving is from a photograph by J. Fraser-Bryce, from whom we have had many contributions to this journal, among others, Agnes Thomson, the Stanley Reception Group in Toronto, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, etc. Mr. Bryce is an artist as well as a photographer.

LOW TIDE.—This engraving of the fine picture of Baudin explains itself. The stranded craft, the somnolent oxen waiting placidly till the unlading is finished and they hear the only language—an uncouth tongue to all but themselves and their masters—that they have learned, the sun making a halo through the sombre sky that lightens up the "shores of the barren sea," and other details needless to indicate make an effective *tout ensemble*. In technique there is much to admire in the execution of water beach and mottled cloud.

HIGH BRIDGE, ROSEDALE, TORONTO.—Rosedale, which offers so many tempting glimpses to the artist's pencil, is in one of the most delightful spots in the neighbourhood of Toronto. It takes its name from Rosedale House, formerly the home of Mr. Stephen Jarvis, Registrar of the province, and afterwards of his son, Sheriff Jarvis. The old mansion, still or recently to be seen, a conspicuous feature in the landscape, was always noticeable for the romantic character of its situation, on the crest of a precipitous bank overlooking deep winding ravines. The bridge in our engraving is not the only one spanning the ravines, whose many-sided beauty is the charm of this suburban wilderness. The bridges of Rosedale are a study in themselves.

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO.—These gardens, which have for some years past been owned by a company called the Toronto Horticultural Society, occupy a great part of the quadrangle between Gerrard, Sherbourne, Carlton and Jarvis streets, and contain ten acres of land, five of which were in 1856 conveyed by deed of gift to the society by the Hon. G. W. Allan (whose portrait appears in this number), the other five being purchased some time after by the City Council and leased to the society. The gardens are tastefully laid out and carefully tended, and offer a pleasant spot for rest or recreation to the people of the city. A stately pavilion (conspicuous in our engraving), in the style of the Crystal Palace, and three storeys high, is adapted to the use of concerts and other entertainments. Another feature of the gardens is a fine fountain, which adds not a little to the ornamentation of the grounds. Except while specially engaged for some amusement to which admission is obtained by paying, these spacious, handsome and healthy grounds are open to the public.

ON THE BATISCAN RIVER.—Rising in Quebec county the Batiscan makes its way to the St. Lawrence, into which it pours its waters near the bridge that bears its name. Near its head waters are lakes abounding in fish. Bateaux ascend the river as far as St. Geneviève. The scenery of the river is varied and in places extremely picturesque, as our engraving shows.

CAPE ETERNITY.—This stupendous promontory is, as most of our readers are aware, situated on the south shore of the Saguenay, some forty miles from its mouth. The water in this part of the river is remarkably deep—in some places, 1,000 feet. Charles Sangster has well described the grandeur of the scene:

Nature has here put on her royal dress,
And Cape Eternity looms grandly up,
Like a god reigning in the wilderness,
Holding communion with the distant cope,
Interpreting the stars' dreams, as they ope
Their silver gates, where stand his royal kin.

A deep and overpowering solitude
Reigns undisturbed along the varied scene,
A wilderness of beauty, stern and rude,
In undulating swells of wavy green;
Soft, airy slopes, bold, massive and serene;
Rich in wild beauty and sublimity,
From the fair summits their piney sheen
Down to the shadows thrown by rock and tree
Along the dark, deep wave that slumbers placidly.

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

PART V.

As illustrating the difference between conditions as they exist in Australia, and as we may imagine them to be, the following description of a squatter's home by Mr. James A. Froude is well worthy of quotation:

"We imagine a wild track of forest, a great pastoral range; a wooden hut run up in the midst of it; men, dogs, horses, cattle, all semi-savage; bush-rangers not far off; the native blacks retreating before an advancing civilization; and the rude hospitality of nomad settlers." What is the reality? "Picture to yourselves high-trimmed hedges of evergreen; a sight at intervals of a sheet of water overhung with weeping willows; what might have been an ancient Scotch manor-house, solidly built of rough hewn granite, the walls over-run with ivy and climbing roses; a clean mown and carefully watered lawn; tennis court and croquet ground; everything as perfect in the house and out as could be found in the country residence of an English nobleman."

The position of the planter is, in many respects, and has, I think, in the hotter parts of the continent, many points of resemblance to that of the southern planter of twenty-five years ago. In the Mackay district of Queensland a planter recently cleared in one year \$200,000 profits on his crops, and in the succeeding year sold one of his plantations for \$475,000, and the other one for \$425,000. The sugar industry of this colony is a most important one, the total value of sugar grown in 1882 and 1883 being ten millions. While, however, the profits are heavy, the trade itself is one involving an enormous outlay of capital, with a heavy current expenditure, and is absolutely dependent upon a supply of coloured labour. This is obtained by importing natives, or "Kouakas," from the South Sea Islands and hiring them for a term of three years. The native blacks are practically useless as labourers, and much of the plantation work is of such a nature that white men will not, or cannot, perform it. Much anger is felt, however, by the labouring classes of Queensland at these importations, though it is well known that without some such assistance the sugar industry would speedily become a thing of the past. Agitation has set in by these classes for legislative action in the matter, and this in turn has caused a movement amongst the planters for the separation of North Queensland from the southern portion of the colony, which would apparently solve the problem, at least for the present, as all the sugar districts lie in the northern part.

Perhaps the phase of Australian life least known to us on this side of the globe is that of mining. Romantic and exciting was the wild rush of thirty years ago to the Victorian gold fields. Less interesting but more fruitful is the steady toil of to-day. Who has not heard of Ballarat, the Eldorado of that early period, the diggings where adventurers from all parts of the world flew upon the soil with their picks and shovels, some to light on nuggets which made them millionaires, some to toil on unrewarded until they dropped to the ground. It is now the second city in Victoria, the second largest town in Queensland, owes its existence to a rush of miners caused by a rumored discovery of gold. In a short time there were more than 50,000 men deposited by steamers on the banks of the Fitzroy, with little or no means of procuring food and small

chance of getting away again. The result was the founding of the present city. The career of the miner is a peculiar one. Toiling on day after day, week after week, undismayed by failure and often unrelaxed by success, until the moment comes when something compels him irresistibly to squander all that he has gained. The instant this happens he knocks off work and a strange change seems to occur; not only does the gold which he has taken such pains to collect become worthless, but apparently it becomes an encumbrance which some hidden law of his nature obliges him to get rid of without delay. The history of these new colonies teems with examples in every profession and occupation of money quickly made and lightly lost; of vast fortunes squandered in the attempt to increase them; and of men who, starting with nothing, have by their own exertions and perseverance amassed colossal wealth.

Numerous as are the instances of enormous wealth gained in mining, the history of the Australian colonies perhaps does not afford a score of examples where money so gained has not done more harm than good. An incurable mania for wild speculation, or else a career of mad dissipation, seems to be the usual result. One instance I will relate on the authority of a recent traveller. A miner struck gold one day. In a short time he was in receipt of \$2,500 a day from his claim and continued at that figure for a long period. If he had simply waited and held on to his money as it came in, he would have soon become one of the richest men in Queensland. He taught himself to read and write, but instead of settling into a quiet and useful citizen took to wild speculations in other mines, in race horses, in wheat—in almost everything; drank very heavily, and finally completed his downward career (so goes the story) by becoming a member of the Legislative Assembly at Brisbane. His bankruptcy was announced a short time ago. Comment is unnecessary.

The Mount Morgan mine in Queensland may be taken as an example of the wealth which lies in Australian soil. This discovery of gold is said to have been the largest and richest in quality ever yet made in any part of the world. A ninth share in the property lately sold for \$155,000, a price much below its value, the purchaser being one of the shareholders. It is estimated that the top lode or seam of gold alone will yield over \$45,000,000 of clear profit. Queensland besides is rich in the possession of beautiful brilliants, garnets, sapphires, topazes and diamonds, while a patch of diamond country in New South Wales is said to have yielded recently in the course of a year upwards of 4,000 of those precious stones.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS,

QUEEN'S HALL, MAY 13th AND 14th.

The concerts to be given on the 13th and 14th of the present month by the distinguished young prima donna, Emma Juch, and the famous artists that accompany her, will draw without urging those who know who Miss Juch is and the rare talent by which she is supported. The young prima donna's impersonations of Marguerite in "Faust," of Eurydice in "Orpheus," of Elsa in "Lohengrin," and in several other characters which can only be interpreted by consummate genius thoroughly cultivated, have made her name a household word with all lovers of sweet sounds throughout this continent. In fact, it is not too much to describe Miss Juch as the foremost American soprano both on the concert and operatic stages. With Madame Terese Herbert Foerster (prima donna soprano), Mr. James H. Ricketson (tenor), Signor G. Campanari (baritone), Mr. D. Babcock (bass), it might be thought that Miss Juch was the central figure in a combination not often brought together. But there is more still to give it strength and prestige. Signor Jules Perotti, who is also of the Festival company, is the most famous tenor heard in the New World since Wachtel, and Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, whose fingers will touch the piano (a "Steinway"), is the protégée of Von Bülow and of Liszt. The conductor is Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The violinist and violoncellist are Messrs. M. Bendix and V. Herbert. The Grand Symphony orchestra consists of some of the most eminent musicians from the orchestras of Boston and New York. We trust that Mr. C. A. Harriss, who has made the arrangements for the Festival, will receive that appreciation from the Montreal public to which his enthusiastic devotion to the promotion of the highest musical culture in the city entitles him. For details see announcement in our advertising columns. Tickets and full particulars may be obtained at Nordheimer's music warehouse, 1833 Notre Dame street. Subscription lists will be found at the Windsor and other hotels and at the music stores.



The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some more journals of her grandfather, Sir Walter.

Mr. Froude's Irish romance, just published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., is called 'The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance of the Last Century' and is said to be the story, dramatised and embellished, of a real episode in the annals of English rule in Ireland.

The Hon. Eugene Schuyler publishes in the May *Scribner's* some very interesting reminiscences of 'Count Leo Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago,' when he was one of a remarkable group of Russian writers. Mr. Schuyler was a visitor at Tolstoy's home, and had many long and intimate conversations with him, which are now, for the first time, published. The recollections will be concluded in the June number.

In *The Antiquary*, Mr. Philip Norman has commenced a series of illustrated papers on 'London Sculptured House Signs.' The author has found about forty of these relics of the seventeenth century, and notes the similarity between them and the sculptured signs used by the Romans, for instance, the well-known terra cotta bas relief of two men carrying an amphora, and the figure of a goat at Pompeii.

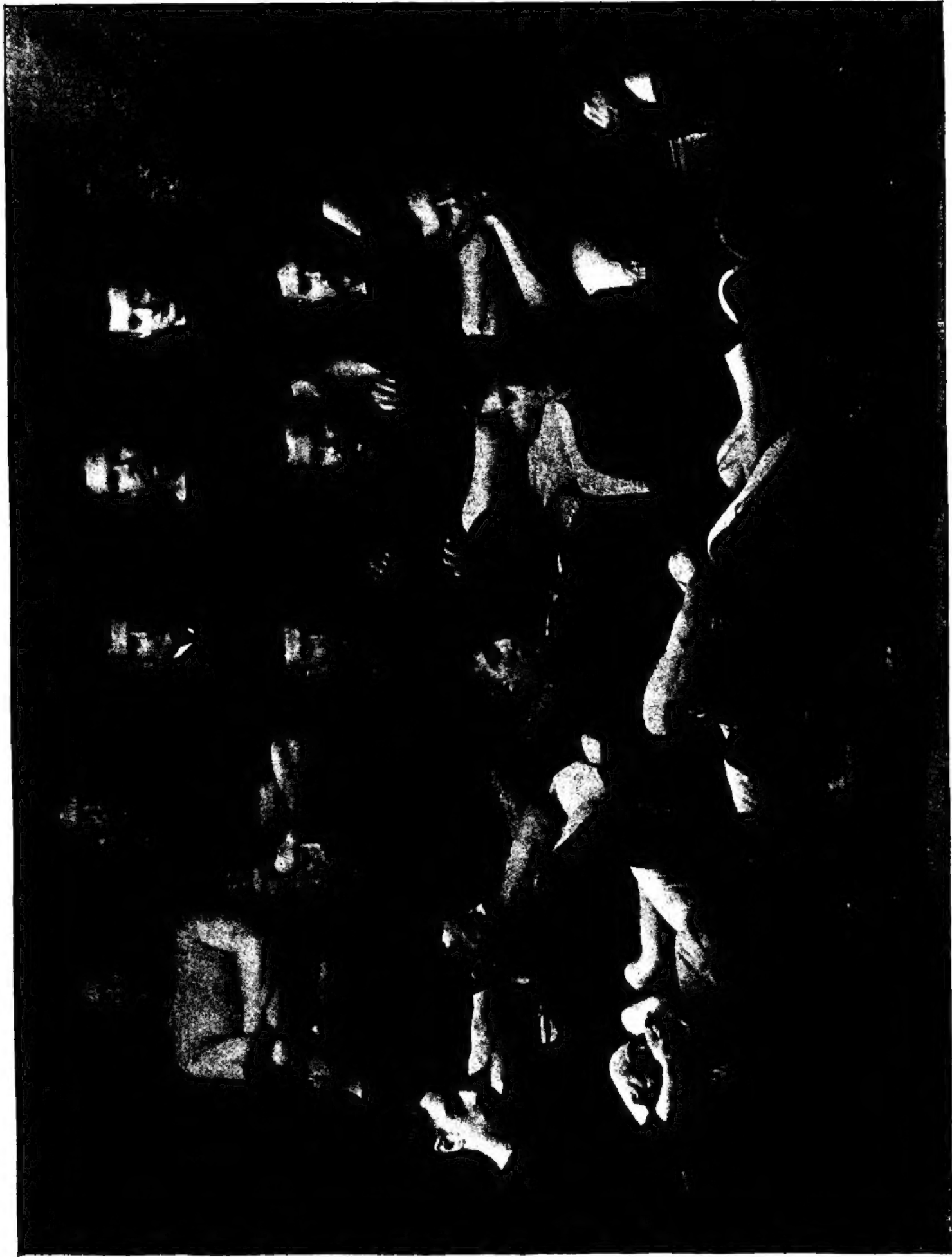
Mr. G. G. Gribble, in a communication to the *Literary World*, writes of the plan of binding magazine articles: "I introduced the plan mentioned some few years since into my own small collection, and I am pleased to find it endorsed by such good authorities. I have found it convenient to make separate volumes of articles, say forty or fifty, on any favorite author or subject, and separate volumes of miscellaneous articles, of which I might have two or three only on one subject. I have had bound up with the articles a few clean sheets of suitable paper, and on these write an index. I heartily join in the appeal to publishers not to allow the articles to overlap."

The Archaeological Review contains a contribution from Major C. R. Condor on 'The Three Hieroglyphic Systems'—the Egyptian, the Cuneiform, and the Altaic or Hittite. He has reached the conclusion that the Altaic is more primitive than either of the others—(1) because of the fewness of the emblems; (2) because there do not appear to be any determinatives, the writing being ideographic rather than syllabic; (3) because of the pictorial character of the emblems; (4) because of the method of arrangement of the writing in lines running horizontally, while the words are in vertical columns; this is the old Akkadian arrangement of the texts at Tell Loh; (5) the absence of "included" or clearly compound emblems.

Mrs. Wyndham Hill, authoress of "Checkmated," etc., of the New Zealand and Australian press, is now, says the *West Middlesex Standard*, on a visit to Ealing with a view of collecting material for her work. She has visited Kew Gardens, and expresses herself as much pleased with the wonderful manner in which Miss North has executed her work in so naturally depicting with the brush the wild flowers of every land. Mrs. Hill has been a world-wide wanderer, and has seen these children of the wilds growing in their native beauty. Mrs. Hill passed through America during the terrible blizzard. She has during the past three months "done" Ireland in the face of open rebellion against the Coercion Act, and thrilling stories she tells of her experiences.

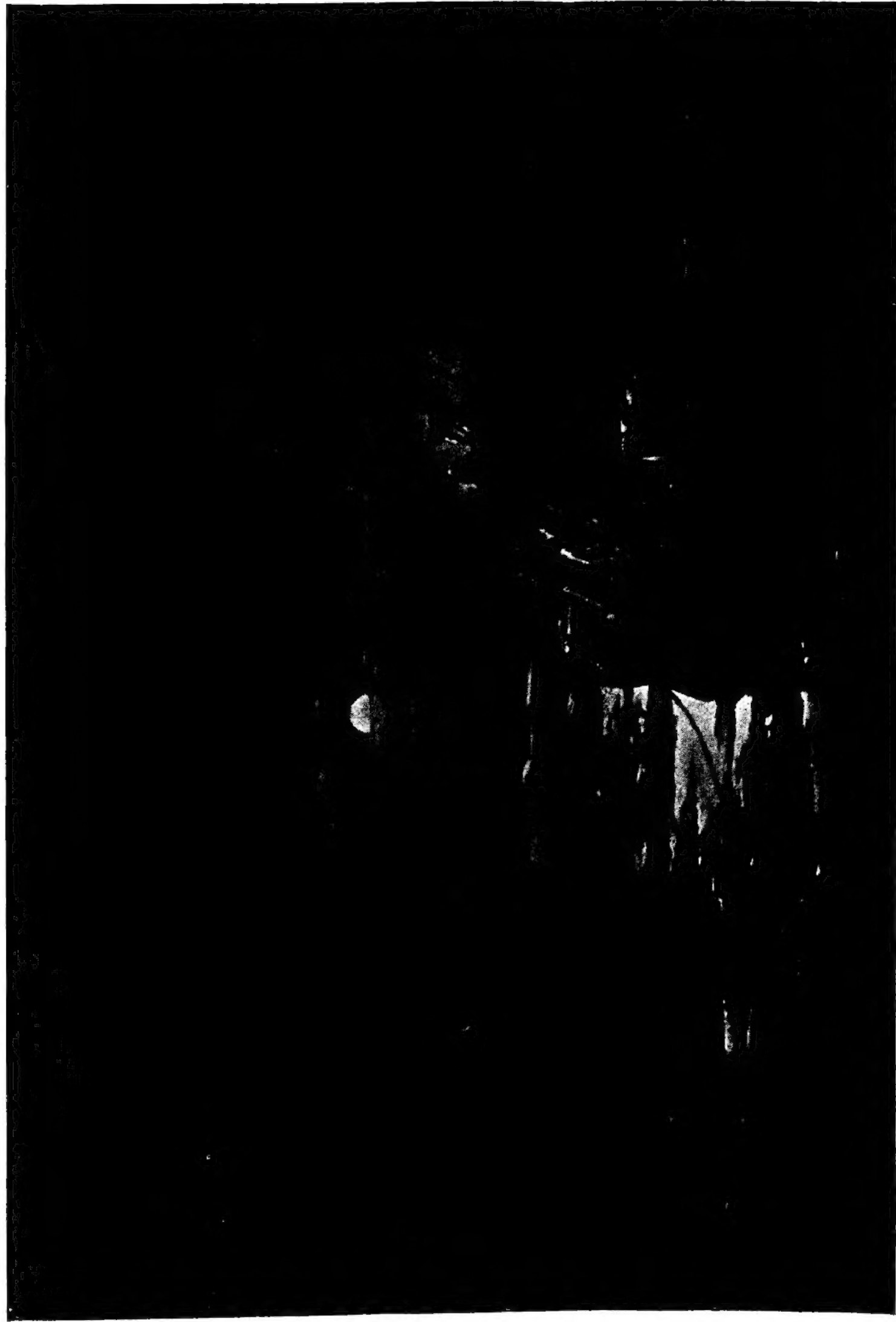
In his work on the Philosophy of Mysticism, translated into English by Mr. C. C. Massey, Herr Carl du Prel has some interesting remarks on the phenomena of dream life. "Our ordinary waking consciousness depends on the cerebral nervous system, and our nerves are only capable of conveying a number of impressions in a given time. In dreams it is quite otherwise. Napoleon was asleep in his carriage when an infernal machine exploded under it. The report roused him from a long dream in which he was crossing the Tagliamento with his army, and was received by the cannon of the Austrians, so that he sprang up with the exclamation: 'We are undermined,' and awoke. The whole of this dream must have occurred in the moment of waking, and the instances of people recalling the events of their whole life in drowning are familiar. From this du Prel argues that our dream consciousness is independent of the cerebral nervous system, and has a different measure of time from that which prevails in our waking states."

Mr. A. S. Arnold, in his biography of Carlyle, sides very decidedly with the husband in the little difference known as the Ashburton affair: It mattered not how many heroes she found, so long as he religiously never found another heroine but Jane Welsh Carlyle. But... a lady appears upon the scene, every whit her equal in intellect, vivacity, personal graces, and conversational powers; nay, more than that, her superior in some things personal and in all things temporal—superior by birth, rank, wealth and influence. That this lady generously shared with her all her earthly advantages, treated her with marked attention, showered benefits upon them both, in no way mitigated the envy, hatred and malice burning so furiously in Jeannie's rebellious little heart. This trial proved her heart was narrow—narrower even than her husband ever dreamt it could be. The terrible effect of this ever-smouldering jealousy towards this generous, sympathetic, and gifted lady, spoilt many years of Jeannie's life, alienated her from her unchangeable, faithful husband, and turned all the sweets of friendship to gall.



THE TORONTO FOOTBALL TEAM.

From a photo. by J. Fraser Bryce.



LOW TIDE.

From the painting by P. Baudin.
Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Société Photographique Company.

WILLIAM KIRBY.

Brief mention has already been made of the paper on William Kirby, the author of "The Chien d'Or," "The U. E.," "Pontiac," and other works in prose and verse, read by Mr. W. D. Light-hall, before the Society of Canadian Literature. We are happy to be able, in this issue, to present our readers with the substance of it.

William Kirby is one of that generation of our *littérateurs* which may be called the earliest. That generation, including Heavysege, Sangster, McLachlan, Mrs. Moodie, Haliburton, and some whose names are too near our Society for convenient mention, stood mainly in the peculiar position of having brought their culture and talents into the country from the mother-islands, but of having also—almost all—through long residence, developed an attachment of great strength to Canada. How complete their adoption of the new nationality was is one of the interesting features of their works.

The author of "The Chien d'Or," our finest novel, is no longer a young man. His family emigrated to America while he was a boy, in 1832, leaving his English birthplace, Kingston-upon-Hull. He had the advantage of studying in Cincinnati under a celebrated schoolmaster, who taught literature and philosophy and who is said to have kept a remarkable and somewhat famous institute. William Kirby then came to Montreal for a short time and, in 1829, established himself in Upper Canada, where he was editor, for twenty years, of the *Niagara Mail*. In that beautiful and historic place, in the neighbourhood of the great Falls and of the battlefields of Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane, he was wonderfully drawn to the traditions of the Loyalists. This was partly due to his own descent, partly to the fact that he had married into a family which had greatly distinguished itself on the Loyalist side during the Revolutionary struggle. The first fruits of his reflections on the theme which had such an attraction for him was a poem entitled "The U. E.," a long epic in twelve cantos and in Spenserian stanzas. Though defective in fire and literary finish, it is valuable as a series of pictures of Loyalist personages and times. Interspersed here and there are graphic descriptions—a *genre* which is one of our author's *fortes*.

Mr. Kirby's chief work is, undoubtedly, the novel so well known as "The Chien d'Or," or "The Golden Dog." In the course of his writings and travels the author had become acquainted with some of the best literary men in Canada, and among these with Messrs. B. Sulte and J. M. LeMoine. The latter relates the origin of "The Chien d'Or," in the words of the author himself, contained in a personal letter of the date 1879.

"I happened to be in Quebec in 1865," says the letter, "my business being to attend to a bill there pending in Parliament. I bought one of your 'Maple Leaves,' and the account you gave of the Chien d'Or took my fancy very much. Sulte and I were sitting in the window of the St. Louis Hotel one day, and I spoke to him about the story and wanted him to write it out, and jestingly said that if he would not write a novel on it, I would. Sulte did not take the fancy, and I thought no more about it until my return home, when I found the Chien d'Or sticking like a burr to my imagination. * * * and I wrote the story as I got time. W. K."

The MS. had a curious history. Sent to a great London publishing house to be printed, it became mislaid for several years, and was then discovered—in the Grand Trunk Railway station at Toronto! Kirby, on getting it back again, worked it up, improved and remodelled it, and finally that old stand-by of Canadian authors, John Lovell, of Montreal, published it for him. In the cloth-bound form, and at that relatively early date, it turned out a losing transaction for Mr. Lovell, but has since succeeded far better in paper. "It is widely read in the United States," says LeMoine, "and brings us every year a certain number of tourists, curious to examine old Quebec in detail."

This important work, the most widely read, except, possibly, Haliburton's "Sam Slick," of the small class of Canadian fiction, vividly pictures the showy but excessively corrupt closing years of the Old Regime, when Bigot and his associates were imitating the gay and wicked court of Versailles. The Bourgeois Philibert, a merchant of gentle origin and honest nature, offends these gilded scound-

rels by his opposition to their aggressions. The straightforward man, in reply to their insults, had the boldness to build into the wall, over the door of his mansion, a gilt sculptured tablet, representing a dog gnawing a bone, with this inscription:

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant, je prends mon repos,
Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.

(The stone is at present built into the Quebec Post Office, which replaces the house of the Bourgeois.) The corrupt crew finally succeed in degrading a fine young fellow, around whom they have thrown their net of dissipation, to the point of running the Bourgeois through with his sword while maddened with drink, and the good man dies a martyr to the cause of the people. The main current of the story, however, is occupied with the progress of a daringly wicked beauty, Angelique des Meloises, who contributes to the murder of Philibert, but whose other crimes are even darker. Her ambition is to dazzle and marry the Intendant Francois Bigot, and through his position and riches to get to Versailles and conquer the King himself with her charms. For this she discards her real lover, the young fellow referred to—Le Gardeur de Repentigny—and instigates a murderess, La Corriveau, to the assassination by poison, at midnight, of her gentle-hearted rival, Caroline de St. Castin, Bigot's real good-star. In working out the career of Angelique, Kirby gradually advances into his most powerful and natural vein and produces fine situations of tragedy. Though not without grave faults among which may be mentioned its great length, its sometimes stilted style, the artificial character of the dialogue, and the excessive and extravagant laudation of everything Canadian—"Le Chien d'Or" presents pictures of that picturesque epoch which are rich in their fulness of historic detail. There are passages in it of the highest order of literary workmanship—powerful expressions of passion, admirable pieces of description and considerable dramatic skill in the contrast of character and motive. Mr. Kirby has, indeed, tried his hand at the drama, having written three plays, "Beau-manoir," "Joseph in Egypt," and "The Queen's Own." Of more pertinence to us are his "Canadian Idylls," which, next to "Chien d'Or," are, I think, worthy of attention. Of the series, I consider "Spina Christi" the finest, as it is, from the measure chosen, the most musical. The legend with which it deals is one attached to an aged thicket of thorns at Niagara called currently "the French thorns," on account of their having been originally planted by the garrison of the fort there in the times of the French. These old thorns are of the species known as *spina christi*; whence the title of this idyll. Kirby's archaic language and versification in the poem are masterly. "Pontiac," also "Bushy Run" and "The Lord's Supper in the Wilderness," may be particularly recommended, of these idylls, and it is a pity the parts of the series have not been put together.

Mr. Kirby, though a man of seventy, is, in appearance, as in literary power, much younger, and might pass for fifty-five. He is of full figure and stature and somewhat stout. He has been a member of the Royal Society of Canada since its formation, and takes much interest in its proceedings. In politics he is a Conservative; in faith, an Anglican. His dealings and views are gentle, broad and courteous. He has for over twenty years been Collector of Customs at Niagara, and is a Justice of the Peace of Lincoln County. He has two sons. There is no Canadian man of letters who enjoys more unreservedly or more justly than Wm. Kirby the esteem of those who know him.

THE PLANETS IN MAY.

INCREASING LENGTH OF THE DAYS—MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

During May the speed of the sun visibly slackens as it moves from the vernal equinox toward the summer solstice, its increase in northerly declination being only a little over half of that during the month of March. It rises on the 1st at 4.59 a.m., and on the 31st at 4.33 a.m., the length of the days increasing 54 minutes.

The May moon falls on the 15th at 1.34 a.m. It is in perigee, or nearest the earth, on the 16th. It begins its series of many conjunctions promptly on the 1st, with Neptune, and marks the relative position of the other planets as it passes them in successive conjunctions. Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, Venus, Neptune, Mars and Mercury being the order in which these events occur. Mercury is an evening star throughout the month. On the 1st, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, it is nearest the sun and on the same day reaches its greatest brilliancy. On the 6th it is in conjunction with Mars, being about 1° north of that planet. Neither of these planets can be found without artificial aid excepting for a few evenings before and after the 24th, at which date Mercury is at its greatest eastern elongation, and can be found near the western horizon.

Venus, having had a most brilliant career as evening star, is now the queen of the morning heavens. Her companion, for a while, will be Jupiter, but he will leave her in her glory in June and join the evening planets. Her delicate pearly lustre grows dim as her crescent wanes, the period of her stay above the horizon getting gradually shorter as she approaches the sun. This brightest of the starry gems when viewed through a telescope is a sphere in gibbous phase, shining with an intense brightness and surrounded by a dense atmosphere that hides her real face so completely as to leave but small hope that the impenetrable veil will ever be pierced by human eye. Venus has a retrograde motion until the 19th, from which date until the end of the month she has a direct motion.

Mars, an unpretending ruddy planet in comparison with the gorgeous coloring of Venus, is evening star and is slowly approaching the sun, and is to be found south of the Pleiades and west of Aldebaran, and it will require unusually keen vision to discover the position of our near neighbour, who next year will be the admiration of all observers.

Jupiter is a morning star and has a retrograde motion of 2° 16', rising on April 30 at 11.22 p.m. The early hours therefore are honored by his presence, and as he pursues his course until the early dawn causes him to be lost, he is fair to behold, getting brighter and brighter as the month advances, his diameter increasing from 40".6 to 43".8. Jupiter is in opposition with the moon on the 17th, passing within 15' of each other.

Saturn is the evening star, having a direct motion of 1° 42', or, in other words, has an easterly course which continues until the end of the year. The bright star Regulus, in the constellation of Leo, and Saturn are slowly approaching each other, and, as the star is fixed, the movement of the planet is very apparent as the distance is slowly lessened. The soft mellow light of this planet dims as he approaches the sun and gets further and further from the earth.

Uranus, another of the evening stars, rises at 4 p.m. and sets about an hour before sunrise on the 1st of the month. Its great distance may be somewhat better understood when we consider that its diameter is less than four seconds of arc. This planet, invisible to the naked eye, may be quite accurately defined in position by the star Spica in the constellation of Virgo.

Neptune, the most distant of the planets, also evening star, is twice in conjunction with the moon, on the 1st and 28th, and with the sun on the 22nd, on which day Neptune, Sun and Earth are in line in the order named.

MURIEL.

Five fairy years of sunshine and of flowers,
Sweet Muriel, have bloomed beneath thy feet,
Which lightly tread where slow the moments meet
In silence stealing through thy childhood's bowers.
Some day, dear little heart, Life's precious hours
From thee will pass away on pinions fleet;
Some day, O darling one, the flowers sweet
May fade, and Life's soft sunshine fill with showers.
Hast thou not heard the dead leaf flitting by,
On autumn wings uplifted to the sky;
Hast thou not seen upon the summer lake
The sullen cloud in golden showers break?
O holy angels thronging the blue air,
Lead ye the little feet o'er pathways fair!

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

EDITORS' TABLE

"Ireland," says Lady Wilde ("Speranza"), "is a land of mists and mystic shadows; of weird silences in the lonely hills, and fitful skies of deepest gloom, alternating with gorgeous sunset splendours. All this fantastic caprice of an ever-varying atmosphere stirs the imagination and makes the Irish people strangely sensitive to spiritual influences. They see visions and dream dreams, and are haunted at all times by an ever present sense of the supernatural. They are made for worshippers, poets, artists, musicians, orators." Lady Wilde is not alone in placing a strong stress on the artistic traits in the mental outfit of the Irish race. The late Matthew Arnold and Professor Henry Morley have been equally emphatic in their appreciation of those characteristics. The latter goes so far as to maintain that but for the Celtic element in England's composite nationality, some of the grandest triumphs of English literature and art would never have been won. In Canada the Celt has certainly contributed his full share to whatever excellence in the domain of letters or in the various provinces of the great realm of art (not to speak of the still more fruitfully cultivated fields of science) we have as yet been able to achieve. What proportion of that sum total of Celtic achievement pertains to Scotland, and how much of it may be justly ascribed to Ireland, two important works, "The Scot in British North America" and "The Irishman in Canada," may help us to decide. From the enumeration of celebrities in the latter of these contributions to our history, one name is absent. We find it, however, on the title-page of the volume, Nicholas Flood Davin, and no more thorough type of the Irish *littérateur* has Canada been favoured with. Mr. Davin has all the versatility of his race—he is a historian, a poet, an orator, a wit, a statesman. Mirth and melancholy chase each other over his expressive features. Brimful of good nature, he can be malicious on occasions, and woe be to the assailant who comes within reach of his ever ready retort. It is not, however, with any passage-of-arms between the member for Regina and some rash Parliamentary foe that we have to deal, but with Mr. Davin the pioneer poet of the Northwest. The handsome little volume, in which his claim to this distinction is made, "Eos: an Epic of the Dawn," was published at Regina, N.W.T., by the Leader Company. The poem which gives the book its name is no stranger to us. But we have it here in a revised and enlarged form, preceded by a reply to the critics who discussed it on its first appearance. "Eos" is to us more interesting from its abundance of local touches than from its mythological basis, with which we are not altogether satisfied. We are assured that Mr. Davin dreamed it, and dreams are notoriously given to anomalous situations. With these sentences of the preface, however, we are in the fullest accord: "I am a Northwest man and I think the cultivation of taste and imagination as important as the raising of grain. The raising of grain will bring us wealth, but intellectual progress, on which again the highest development of our material resources depends, will be slow unless all the faculties of the mind are stimulated. The greatest merchants the world ever saw were highly cultivated men, great and discriminating patrons of literature, with not merely a keen eye to the profit of a commercial transaction, but a quick and true sense of literary excellence; and I rejoice to know that we have on many of our farms educated men, and that the Saskatchewan can boast of a successful merchant, who has won a high place in the rank of Canadian poets. (The reference here is to Mr. Charles Mair, F.R.S.C.) We need in Canada, generally, a broader intellectual air; redemption from the domination of sciolists, with hearts as contracted as their culture; the consciousness that we have within ourselves all that can make a great people; and every step toward the creation of a Canadian literature tends to hasten the new and better era, in whose advent I believe." Of Mr. Davin's help in hastening that era we can say that it is earnest and honest, that he has testified of what he has seen and felt, and that his merits, like his faults, are his own and no other's. We have not space for much illustration of Mr. Davin's thought and style, but will give an extract or two from his description of "the broad brown prairie." Here is a picture of sky and land:

"Its beauty must be seen from earth,
Its dazzling, glowing skies all clear of cloud
And fervent with the sun-god's strongest beams,
Or strewn with soft white pillows tier on tier;
Like swans at rest upon a sea of blue,
They rise from rim to rim of the sky's great womb,
Fruitful of beauty, gendering all the wealth
Of yellow grain and roots, and all green things,
The flowers that shine as if sun-rays took root,
And shrouded stars in balmy dewy nights
Were broadcast sown to be the stars of earth:
Blue-bells, the sun-flower small and great, the rose,
The crocus and anemone, the wild
Convallulus, and thousands more I love,
And daily scent and see but cannot name.

Again, here is a contrast between the present and the remote past:

"See where the iron horse
Puffs out smoke and snorts and cries and bears
Long trains thro' what was wilderness a year
Ago; flinging his smoke aloft he makes
A passing cloud Upon these plains immense
Where here and there the signs of man at work
Are seen, it is but yesterday the red
Man, the poor savage, chased the buffalo
I've seen him in his prime and his decay;
But, save the wild ox and his pursuers,

This land has been a solitude since it
Was heaved up from the sea. For centuries—
Oh! yes, for thousands those bright lakes have shone,
Unmarked, the wild ducks lived upon their breasts
Nor feared the fowler's shot; the roses bloomed;
The gopher dug his hole and stood erect,
And ran and lived his lonely graceful life,
And played among the grasses and the flowers;
The ground-lark sang; the prairie hen and plover
Their broods unharmed reared; the antelope
At times a prize to the Indian's arrow fell;
The wolf, at all hours, prowled in search of prey;
But not a trace of man, save when the chase
Brought savage hunters from their river's marge,
The beautiful wooded vales of the Qu'Appelle,
Saskatchewan and streams subsidiary

On another page we give one of the finest compositions in the book, under the heading of "The Indian's Song." To us not the slightest virtue of Mr. Davin's verse is the thoroughly Canadian spirit with which it is impregnated throughout.

"The Future of the Empire," by Alexander Gordon, is meant to be "a brief statement of the case against Imperial Federation." There is certainly a good deal in it that deserves careful attention as well from the friends as from the opponents of the Federation movement. There is one point on which the author dwells with considerable force—the plea of some Federationists that, unless their plan is adopted, the disruption of the Empire is sure to follow. Another point is that separation, should it ever come, does not necessarily imply hostility. On the former of these points we agree with the author that mischief has been done by urging federation as the sole alternative to the breaking up of the Imperial fabric. As to the second point, much, of course, would depend on the alliance that the colonies, when free from any allegiance to the mother country might deem it in their interest to form. If Canada, for instance, joined the United States, it would, in time, doubtless, become as American as Florida, Louisiana or Texas. But the question is not one for rash assertion but for thoughtful examination, and Mr. Gordon's little book will help to a fuller understanding of the subject. If there are lions in the path—other than our traditional and beloved protector—it is as well that we should be prepared to meet them. Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., of London, are the publishers.

"One Mistake: a Manitoban Reminiscence," is written by some person who, though choosing to be designated "Zero" on the title-page, is by no means a cipher in literary invention and style. How far Canadians who have made Manitoba their home deserve "Zero's" strictures and somewhat invidious discrimination from the more cultivated and reticent trans-Atlantic element, we cannot say. It is not the first time, however, that these charges of "bumptiousness" have been made. The representatives of that province and its capital in "Mr. Naydian's Family Circle" come in for more than one rebuke on somewhat similar grounds. If there be really cause for such criticism, we trust that "blustering Matt," that "highflyer" his wife, and the fair but rather vulgar Winnie, will take those children in the proper spirit and try, at least, to mend their manners. We hope that there is no personality in "One Mistake," but, whether there is or not, it is clever and readable. It is published by the Canada Bank Note Company, Montreal.

"A Gate of Flowers" is the suggestive title of a comely little volume with which we have been favoured by the author, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., of Walkerton, Ont. It has been published since 1887 (Toronto: Wm. Briggs), and contains most of what the author had composed up to the date of its appearance. Our readers, who have already had some acquaintance with Mr. O'Hagan, both as poet and prose-writer, will find in this little book his characteristic merits.

Maxwell Grey, who made a successful hit in sensational fiction by "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has again come before the public with a novel of English life, "The Reproach of Annesley." The characters are drawn with a skilful and discriminating hand, the plot is ably worked out and there is no lack of dramatic power. Though not so fascinating as its predecessor, the story is more within the range of probability and appeals to a higher faculty of literary enjoyment. It is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, of New York, as one of their Town and Country Library.

PASSENGER PIGEONS.

Fifty years ago the coming of the Passenger Pigeon was accounted one of the principal enchantments of the spring season. Their numbers in their spring flights were amazing and incredible. At Niagara, on the south side of the broad Ontario, they appeared to have been hindered in their northward flight by the interminable waste of waters, and accordingly had turned westward along the Lake Shore. Innumerable flocks migrating northward, being intercepted by the Lake Shore, turned westward at ten thousand points, at every step of the way, along the whole two hundred miles, from Oswego, on the east, to Niagara, on the west, and continually piled up the numbers, until now they mustered into a vast cloudy army of thousands of millions. They seemed a miraculous host; a greater army than ever marched under the banners of Attila the

Hun, when, in the early Christian centuries, he poured down upon Eastern Europe his countless thousands of Barbarian horsemen from the high central plains of Asia; or greater than the swarms of the "blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coast" that inundated the south of Europe in the old Roman ages, carrying terror and desolation in their train. With pinions glittering in the beams of the morning light, and forming a compact mass a quarter of a mile wide, they would pour along in a continuous cloud for a couple of hours during several successive days. The hiss of their rapid wings, countless as the leaves of a mighty forest, was of the nature of the sublime. Beneath their immense mass the morning sun darkened into twilight, like the terror of an eclipse. They are now where the buffalo, the "myriad roving child" of the American desert and of the measureless Canadian prairies of the Saskatchewan, is, namely, amongst the things that were. Detachments of this great army would sometimes delay awhile to light down on beech forests and feed on the nuts that had lain since autumn under the dry leaves. And later in the spring, when farmers were proceeding with their spring grain sowing, large flocks would hang about the ploughed fields, picking up such grain as the harrow had not covered. And when the woods around the fields had put on full leaf, they filled the shadowy arcades of the forest with the incessant reverberations of their pleasing calls. I think no such enchanting scene in the wilds of nature has remained to our time. In the brilliant light of early summer, these birds were fluttering everywhere amongst the branches of the trees, and ceaselessly calling to each other. The "Coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo" of the males, and the "Paip-paip, paip-paip" of the females, re-echoed from morning to night through the leafy domes of the forest. The sportsman procured his string of birds unfailingly and without toil. The woods of those times were the elysium of boys. Any gun answered the amateur bird slayer's purpose—stocked or half-stocked, flint-stocked or cap-stocked, sound of constitution or unsound of constitution, and supplemented with strings or tacks—whatever manner of shooting iron it was, it failed not to procure for its holder a beautiful string of birds. The ubiquitous gun-pop in those sunny woods in spring produced, we may believe, without any very weak credulity, a profounder entrancement of delight upon the senses of the boys of the time than the best of the sports of our later day can produce upon the sporting youth of our time.

O ye birds of earliest flight,
Glad I hail your myriad wings;
Dear as sun that follows night
Is the joy your presence brings.

With a transport wild I hear
Swift your pinions onward sweep,
Beating quick the upper air,
Where your long-drawn march ye keep.

When our vernal skies ye shade
With your countless wave-like flights,
Then in gayest garb arrayed
Rise to mind my youth's delights.

Dear was then a rambler's sport,
And the mountain's steep height;
Dear the ringing gun's report,
Rattling sharp at dawn of light.

O those rocks, beloved ever,
Which, in giant height and pride,
Look on plain and lake and river
O'er this mighty earth, and wide!

From the high and rocky hill
Of my native boyhood home,
Oft I watched, as idlers will,
Flights of birds that northward come.

And among those winged bands
Ye, O birds of "painted breast,"
Were the first to greet our lands
In your far and rapid quest.

Now that winter clouds are riven,
Here again your hosts I see,
Spreading o'er our bright'ning heaven;
Hasting on, where deep woods be.

Would that now, as then, I might
Fling aside all useless care;
Steep my soul in boyhood's light;
Breathe again its mountain air.

Ottawa April 3, 1889.

CROWQUILL.

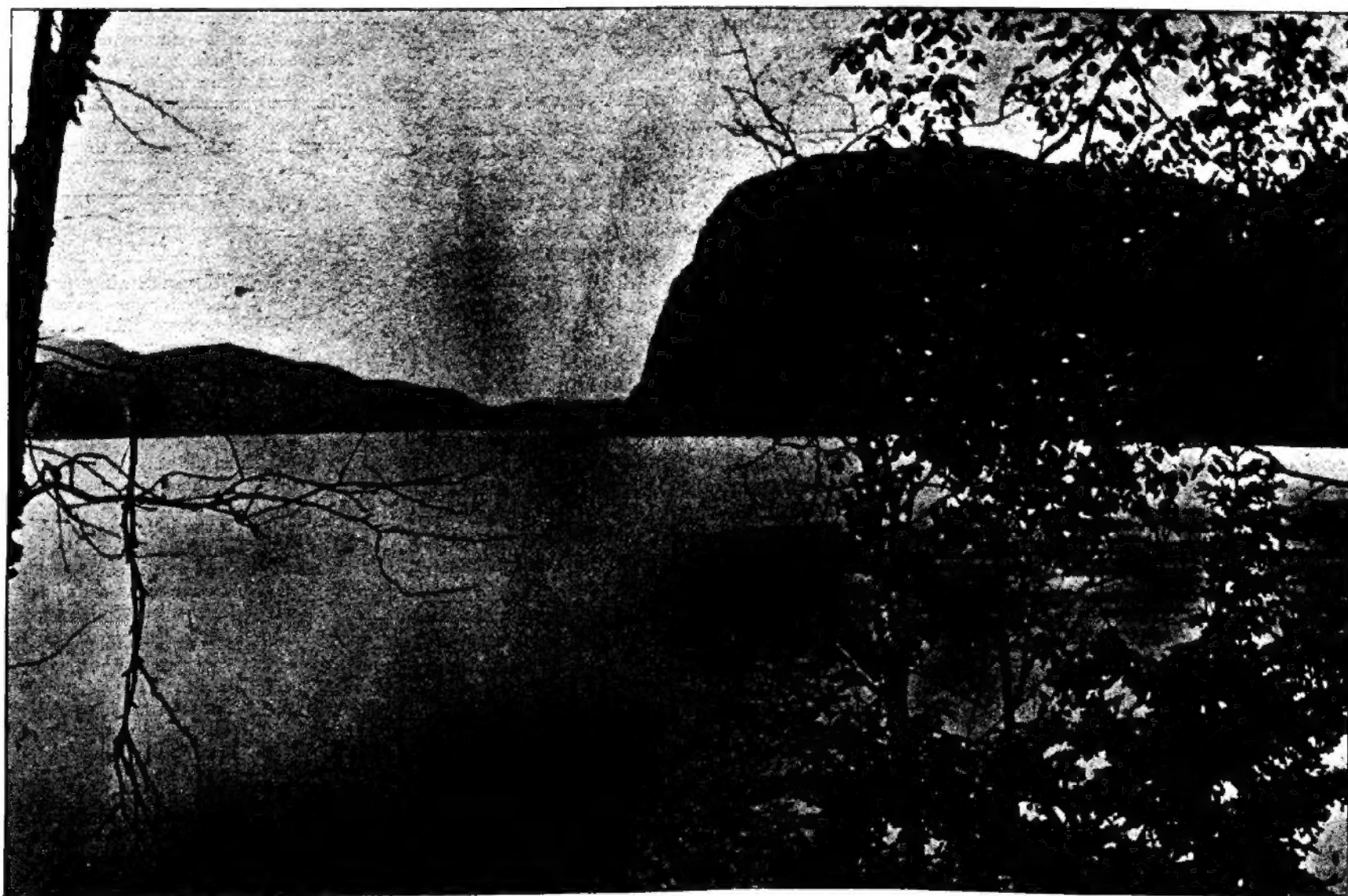
ROSEDALE BRIDGE, TORONTO.



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO.

From photographs by Soule of Guelph.

CAPE ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.



BATISCAN RIVER, LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

From photographs by Livernois.

THE ORIGIN OF A BROKEN NOSE.

So you want to know how I got my nose broken! Well, it was broken through a woman and a newspaper paragraph. Seems rather queer, doesn't it? but it is true, nevertheless. Yes; a woman and a newspaper paragraph caused the disfigurement of my most prominent feature. The woman was the direct and the newspaper paragraph the indirect cause. A woman's at the bottom of everything, you say? Yes, that she is. Tell you all about it? All right, I will, as it is not such a long story, and I like to make myself agreeable to folks.

When I was a young man, and all alone in the world, I lived in M——, one of the chief cities in Canada. There is a peculiarity about the streets of M—— which I would like to mention, but am afraid to on account of certain little unpleasanties which might arise. However, I will say this much about them—they are so interesting that the M——ers find them a never-failing topic of conversation. The elders of the city meet within the gates and talk about their streets; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters have family conclaves about them, and strangers visiting the city make a point of seeing the streets if they see nothing else.

Well, as I said before, I lived in this favoured city. I was a clerk in a dry goods store, worked hard, and had very little time to spend in, and very little money to spend for, recreations.

One dreary evening, in the early part of December, about 8 o'clock, I was sitting in my room bemoaning the hard fate which had left me fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, and, worse than all, girlless. If you don't understand what this means, let me explain to you that once upon a time I had had a girl—a girl that I used to visit regularly three times a week—a girl with the sweetest blue eyes and softest brown hair—a girl on whom I used to spend all my spare money in candies and ice cream, and for whose sake I wore a battered old hat for three months when I needed a new one badly, thereby making myself a laughing-stock, in order that I might take her to see a play, but who, alas! had ungratefully and heartlessly thrown me over for another fellow who had intentions—at least that is what the girl's father told me. As to me, I did not then, and do not now, know what intentions are.

I was sitting in my room, ruminating on all my troubles, when my eye fell upon an evening paper which lay on the table before me, and the following paragraph attracted my attention:—

"Young men of M——, the time has come for you to distinguish yourselves. We are sure you are all dying to do so, and now is your chance. Do you not live in M——, a city famed far and near for its peculiar streets—streets which are so constructed that they afford the gallant youths of the nineteenth century every opportunity to prove that there are as many true and chivalrous knights now-a-days as there were in the days of King Arthur—and at this season of the year are not these streets covered with ice, upon which many a fair maiden may slip, thereby suffering great and serious loss and damage, and is it not the duty of the stronger sex to protect and help the weaker? Knowing this, do you not think it would be not only a duty but a pleasure for you to sally out in goodly numbers, station yourselves at the corners or wherever the walking may be dangerous, and be on the look-out to help any unfortunate maiden who may chance to come to grief?"

There was a great deal more to the same effect, but I will not inflict it upon you. I pondered over this article long and earnestly and at last came to the philosophic conclusion that it was no earthly use to sit moping over a girl who showed herself to be utterly devoid of sense when she threw over a man like me, and that it would, perhaps, be a good scheme to try and get a little pleasure out of life, while, at the same time, doing what was, obviously, my duty.

Now, I am a man of action, and when an idea enters my mind, I generally carry it out at once. I looked at the clock, and seeing it was only about half past eight, put on my cap and great

coat and hurried into the street, bound to do or die.

I soon found a nice, slippery corner, and there I stationed myself. People passed to and fro, and I helped along a couple of old ladies and a lame gentleman, and had the privilege of preserving a drunken man's head from coming in contact with the pavement, but I noticed that all the girls were light and sure of foot. Besides, most of them had escorts, so I had really very little chance to exercise my gallantry.

I was just beginning to think that the man who wrote that paragraph was a humbug, when I espied, advancing timidly, a solitary female. I could see that she was pretty, young and well dressed, and thought I to myself: "Here is a first-rate chance. She will be sure to slip when she passes this place, for she has ventured out without rubbers, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that this night's weary corner waiting has not been all in vain; that I have saved one pretty girl from an ignominious tumble."

The girl tottered along on the slippery sidewalk, and I waited, expecting every minute to have to go to her assistance. When she was about a foot from where I stood, her body appeared to me to bend slightly forward. I thought she was going—I really did. I sprang towards her. Then—I felt my feet slip from under me, and, with a crash, I fell nose forward, the girl, for all her tottering, getting past the perilous place in safety.

Words cannot express the terrible sensations which ran through every nerve as I lay prostrate on the ground, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, oblivious to all sights and sounds.

"Now, this just serves you right, young man," said the harsh, angry voice of a policeman, as he pulled me roughly to my feet. "What do you mean by molesting peaceable citizens? I have noticed you for nearly an hour standing at the corner, trying your best to annoy the passers-by."

I did not answer, because I could not. I stood motionless where he had planted me, the blood running from my nose.

"Come with me to the station," he said, taking hold of my arm, but, before I had time to move, the girl through whom I had come to grief, and who had turned back, with other passers-by, to view me in my distress, walked fiercely up to the policeman, and says she: "What! take him to the police station? No, you never shall. He is a hero. He——" She could say no more, for, either angry passion at the indignity I had been subjected to, or pitiful compassion for my miserable state, choked her utterance; but she looked like a tigress bereft of her young. (Isn't that the orthodox way of describing a female in a passion?)

Surely I knew that voice. Was it—could it be—my girl, Amelia, who stood there, with flaming cheeks and indignant eyes? Yes, it was—it was.

"No, you shan't take him," she repeated. "He knows me, saw me coming along, thought I would slip, and in trying to save me from falling, fell himself."

The policeman looked from one to the other. "Oh!" said he, "That's it, is it?" He evidently had his own views about the matter, but Amelia's eloquence had some effect, for he released his hold of my arm and allowed me to walk off with her.

So that is how I broke my nose and got back my girl, for Amelia threw over the fellow with intentions, and I again basked in her smiles, under the influence of which I unintentionally married her some months after.

To this day she confidently believes that I knew she was coming down the street, and waited there purposely to help her, and I think it wise not to shake that belief.

Though my nose has made me a man of mark, there are times when, standing before my glass, viewing that appendage, I say naughty things about the writer of that newspaper article and the woman for whose sake I slipped not only on the ice, but into a noose. But those times are few and far between, and if I were to meet that same man, when I am in good humour, I would shake his hand heartily and thank him for giving me the privilege of calling the dearest little woman in the world my wife.

EDITH EATON.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.

I love this hunting lodge, secluded far
From that loud world which strives and toils in vain.
My one oasis in a desert life;
Still to my soul 'tis as the Polar star
To the vexed sailor tossing on the main,
Heartweary and outworn with ceaseless strife.
Oh, rest and peace! here is thine ancient reign!
Beneath these heaven-kissed hills no tumults mar
The soulful calm—no rampant greed for gain,
No state intrigues, nor thunderbolts of war.
Rolls on with stately tide Ottawa's stream,
Mine own romantic river! on its way
Through leagues of forest pine, whose emerald gleam
Crowns the bold headlands that first greet the day.

W. R. ROBESON.

THE INDIAN'S SONG.

With spread wings for ever
Time's eagle careers,
His quarry old nations,
His prey the young years;
Into monuments brazen
He strikes his fierce claw,
And races are only
A sop for his maw.

The red sun is rising
Behind the dark pines,
And the mountains are marked out
In saffron lines;
The pale moon still lingers,
But past is her hour
Over mountain and river
Her silver to shower.

As you moon disappearath,
We pass and are past;
The Pale Face o'er all things
Is potent at last.
He bores thro' the mountains,
He bridges the ford,
He bridles steam horses
Where Bruin was lord;
He summons the river,
Her wealth to unfold;
From flint and from granite
He crushes the gold.

Those valleys of silence
Will soon be alive
With huxters who chaffer,
Prospectors who strive;
And the house of the Pale Face
Will peer from the crest
Of the cliff, where the eagle
To-day builds his nest.

The Redskin he marred not
White fall on wild rill,
But to-morrow those waters
Will turn a mill;
And the streamlet which flashes
Like a young squaw's dark eye,
Will be dark with foul refuse,
Or may be run dry.

From the sea where the Father
Of Waters is lost;
To the sea where all summer
The iceberg is tost,
The white hordes will swarm,
And the white man will sway,
And the smoke of his engine
Make swarthy the day.

Round the mound of a brother
In sadness we pace,—
How much sadder to stand
At the grave of a race!
But the good Spirit knows
What for all is the best,
And which should be chosen—
The strife or the rest.

As for me, I'm time-weary,
I await my release;
Give to others the struggle,
Grant me but the peace;—
And what peace like the peace
Which death offers the brave?
What rest like the rest
Which we find in the grave?

For the doom of the hunter
There is no reprieve;
And for me, 'mid strange customs,
'Tis bitter to live.
Our part has been layde,
Let the white man play his;
Then he, too, disappears,
And goes down the abyss.
Yes! Time's eagle will prey
On the Pale Face at last,
And his doom, like our own,
Is to pass and be past.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Legion is the name of those who in our day have written memoirs more or less autobiographic, either leaving them to others to bring out after their departure for "that bourn whence no traveller returns," or, as in not a few instances, publishing them during their lives. Of those who have adopted the latter plan may be mentioned the late Sir Henry Taylor, Adolphus Trollope, Edmund Yates, James Payn, W. P. Frith and Lord Ronald Gower. The last mentioned, though the youngest autobiographer, is not by any means the least experienced. Favoured by birth, in more ways than one, Lord Ronald had seen more of what is worth seeing in the world—the *beau monde* of art, of letters, of society—than most octogenarians who care to record their experiences. In one of his inimitable short essays on eastern politics, the late Lord Strangford, writing anonymously, ventured (in referring to the remark of one of the Kingsleys as to the advantage of being a lord—a subject which Lamb and Hazlitt also dealt with, but from different points of view) to express the opinion that, incredible though it might seem, there were lords who would gladly be unlarded. Lord Ronald Gower is as good an instance as one might find of those sons (or daughters) of a hundred earls who are unaffectedly democratic. Where such *bona fide* instances of the enthusiasm of humanity in high places really come to pass before the world's eye, they are charming. Lord Ronald (whose very name suggests romance) is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers. As to what he is in personal contact we have ample testimony to enlighten us, not to speak of his portrait which, we hope, is like that terrible fellow in "Maud":

Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

If it lies not, then a noble fellow, indeed, is Lord Ronald.

His love of art is as honest as it is intense, and is only exceeded by his generosity. Alas! that he should know so little of the needs of us—his loyal kinsmen, and that the gifts of the gods should pass to his and our cousin Jonathan. For this is what we read in a recent cable despatch:

"NEW YORK, May 2.—Mrs. Frank Leslie to-day received letters from Lord Ronald Gower, informing her of his purpose to present, through her, to some public gallery or collection in New York his colossal marble bust of our Saviour, called "It is Finished," now in the Academy of London. This work of art, which is now on its way to this city, will be accompanied by plaster casts of the Shakespeare monument in bronze lately presented by Lord Ronald Gower to Stratford-on-Avon, and which he desires Mrs. Leslie to tender to some public collection of casts or a Shakespeare or artistic gallery. Mrs. Leslie has not determined the ultimate disposition of the marble bust of Christ, but it may be transmitted to the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the St. Patrick's Cathedral."

Now that the Shah of Persia is again talking of visiting Europe, it may be of interest to recall what he grimly suggested to the Prince of Wales, when he witnessed the wealth and splendour of one of his noble entertainers. We have Lord Ronald's word for it that the story of his asking the Prince whether, when he came to the throne, he would not behead so evident and so dangerous a rival, is a true story, and also that the Prince mildly replied that there were too many other great nobles to permit him to attempt such a clearance with safety.

The elder author of "The Masque of Minstrels" asks kindly and admiringly after Mr. Charles Mair and wants to know when we are to have another poem from him. If we mistake not Mr. Mair is not far from Ottawa at this moment, and we trust shortly to hear from him. We congratulate the Royal Society on such an accession as the author of "Dreamland" and "Tecumseh."

With respect to what we ventured to say of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, Mr. Lockhart sends us a poem *in memoriam* of that eminent statesman, orator and poet. Though written under influences which give to portions of it more of the "Lost Leader" flavour than, in our opinion, the circumstances warranted, the admirable pertinency of some of the stanzas can no more be disputed than the characteristic "tender grace" of the whole poem. For instance:

The misty years rolled back and I beheld
A printer-boy—then man—of type and quill,
Who wrought with love, and still his peers excelled,
With an undaunted mind and steady will.

I saw the cheerful, smiling faces; th' erect
And stalwart frame, so well known in their day;
The ample brow—broad throne of intellect;
The full, bright eye that knew the winning way;

And the persuasive lips, where, clustering hung
Rich, swarming words that full of honey glide;
Ye knew him well, ye yeomen, children young,
And happy matrons of the country side!

Just once it was our lot to hear Joseph Howe, but he was not then in his best vein. He was in presence of an audience to whom his name was as yet but little known, and he evidently missed the enthusiastic greeting from familiar faces to which he was accustomed in his native province—that greeting which was ere long to change from ardent sympathy to sullen resentment. We have still before us a vivid image of that sturdy frame and expressive face. Like Ulysses in the Iliad, he was

"Less by the head than Atreus' royal son,
But broader-shoulder'd and of ampler chest."

Another poem of Mr. Lockhart's—"By Pennamaquan—A Summer Memory"—we have for some time been holding in reserve. It is full of pleasant inspirations for the nearing holiday season, in the languorous days when life in the city becomes a burden, and we hope to dispense it as a solace to the business-stayed of our readers in that time of trial.

We found "The Last Bison" in strange company the other day, but it was not ours. Here is the passage: "One is almost tempted to wish the writer up to his neck in a Lithuanian swamp, banished to the Lithuanian backwoods to keep company with the last living verb in—mi, the last old-world bison, and perhaps the last patriot." Clearly when this half imprecation was penned (1863) the writer did not dream that, in a quarter of a century, the new-world bison would be virtually as rare as his old-world cousin. According to Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., there are or were quite recently a few specimens of the variety known as the Wood Buffalo in the great Mackenzie basin, to the resources of which the Hon. Dr. Schultz has done so much to call the world's attention. And, by the way, we would take occasion to mention that in Mr. Tyrrell's little treatise, "The Mammalia of Canada," seekers of knowledge as to our remaining wealth in wild live stock will find a welcome fund of comparatively rare and trustworthy information.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba finds time, we are glad to see, to enlighten old-world sportsmen as to the kind of game they may come upon in such little frequented regions as Northern Keewatin. The polar bear and the musk ox, for instance (types also enumerated in Mr. Tyrrell's list), may be met with in the neighborhood of Chesterfield Inlet by any sportsman or naturalist who has leisure enough, with a sufficient stock of scientific enthusiasm or love of adventure, to penetrate so far north. Dr. Schultz's letters appear in the *Canadian Gazette* and are well worth reading.

The question of establishing a festival to be called after Jesus the Workingman has been under discussion at Rome. The suggestion came from Paris from the *Cercles Catholiques*, which M. le Comte de Mun has done so much to organize and to build up. The proposal meets with favour from the Sovereign Pontiff, and we may expect ere long to see this great holiday of modern democracy sanctioned by the highest authority in the Church. Strange, is it not? Rather is it not strange that the recognition by Christendom of the exemplary side, as affecting our work-a-day lives, of His character whose praise it was that he went about doing good should have been so long delayed? Jesus as child, as son, as healer, as quickener, as sufferer—all these and much more have we had in church calendar, in religious art, in the associations of the sanctuary, but Jesus, the toiler, who laboured with hand, as with head and heart—this idea was reserved for the practical piety of the 19th century and for Paris, pioneer in all experiment. And a grand idea it is, bringing religion home to the common life of each of us—to workshop and office, to factory and desk.

THE CARNIVAL ROMANCE
OF WHAT WINNIE WILLED AND WILLIE WON.

WILLIE LOQUITUR.

"At that cheery crowded station
We jostled in the crush,
My cheek blazed bright carnation,
Her's mantled with a blush;
'Twas just before we started
We touched and we were parted—
Oh, charming tell-tale blush!"

WINNIFRED IN THE CARS.

(February 4th, 1889).

"Tho' nestled near my brother,
My rebel cheek would flush,
Our eyes met each the other;—
What could I do but blush?
With social ice unbroken,
Not e'en a chance word spoken,
What need had I to blush?"

WILL.

"Amid the whirl of dancing,
Thro' all the mazy crush,
A coy brown eye fell glancing;—
Oh! timid tell-tale blush.
I found a friend who knew her,
For one brief waltz I sued her,
Consent came with a blush.

WINNIFRED ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Now, hand in hand, united,
With holy happy hush,
A life-long troth we plighted;
O last sweet maiden blush!
Mid blessings and soft showers
Of snowy bridal flowers
A joyous wife, I blush.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

140 Ste. Monique St., April.

DEATH IN LIFE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

I breathe wherever throbs thy heart,
This thou dost know. What good, alas!
For me to stay, if thou depart—
To live, if thou away shouldst pass?

What good to live, the mournful shade
Of one fair angel that has flown?
What good, when clouds the sky invade,
To be, like darkness, left alone?

I am a flower upon the wall
That only May can wake to bloom:
I shall have been bereft of all,
When thou art shrouded in the tomb.

What will become of me alone,
If I thy step no longer hear?
Will thine existence, or my own,
Have left the world? I know not, dear.

Whene'er my strength or courage sinks,
'Tis thy pure heart that makes me brave;
For I am like a dove that drinks
From some blue lake's refreshing wave.

Go! if thou must: and I shall die,
While musing on the days of old:
Nought in this world can please mine eye,
Unless thine eyes with me behold.

GEORGE MURRAY.

HUMOUROUS.

There is a boy in Iowa who has lost both hands, both feet, both ears and most of his nose by frost bites, and, as he has nothing else to lose, he is having lots of fun outdoors this winter.

Family jars.—Joan: "The idear of Susan's askin' John to William's funeral, after the way 'e'd beyaved! I shouldn't certainly ever dream of askin' im to yours." Darby: "What! Then all I can say is, I should be very much offended if you didn't!"

"I'm not going to school any more," said a four-year-old to his mother, after his first day at the kindergarten. "Why not, my dear? Don't you like to see the little boys and girls?" "Yes; but I don't want to go," persisted the boy, "'cause the teacher says that to-morrow she's going to try to put an idea into my head."

"There ain't any blemishes about this animal?" asked the would-be purchaser of a cow. "No, she's all right; but I must tell you candidly that sometimes she kicks when she is being milked," replied the owner of the cow. "That's of no consequence, my wife does the milkin'," said the other.

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle where a fierce dog kept. The lad entered the back yard, and, as soon as the dog saw him, he pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked. "No," said the lad; "aa kept him off by giving him your suet, and ye just cam' in time to save the beef!"

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"MAESTOSO"!

Not quite so quick, please, captain; remember that I am still in mourning!"



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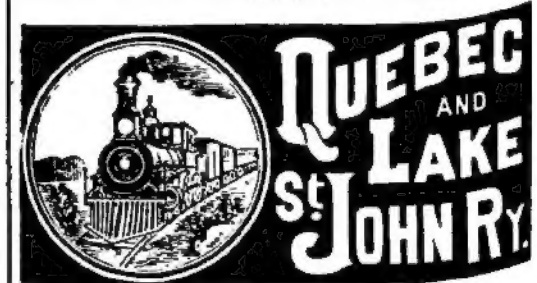
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